

The Gateway

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NOTES OF THE WEEK

After careful consideration the judges in the Gateway Short Story Competition announce that the following are the prize-winners:

First prize: "The Call of the Blood," by Mr. T. F. Foley.
Second prize: "Joe," by Mr. H. R. Leaver.

About 30 more recruits of the 5th Varsity Contingent left last Wednesday morning for Montreal. The majority were from the Alberta College, although quite a number went from town. The boys received a fitting ovation at the station, but as in the case of the first half of the 5th. who left the week before, the University gave them no farewell such as they gave the 4th Contingent last fall. There is, of course, no slight intended whatever, but a practice once commenced should be continued. There should be a farewell party, not necessarily elaborate, given to every contingent that leaves.

Congratulations are in order to two of our best known and most popular boys, who have recently received commission in the 138th Battalion which is now recruiting in the city. Mr. Perraton and Mr. Van Petten have ever distinguished themselves as all-round athletes and good fellows, and, while it is not without regret that we see them leave us, we nevertheless feel very proud of them, and tender hereby our best wishes for every success.

The crowning social event of the week and also, perhaps, of the year, was the brilliant entertainment given by the University Chapter of the Red Cross Society last Thursday night. The nearest parallel to this event was the old 'Conversat,' which was discontinued last year. As in the case of the conversat, the evening's entertainment marks the high tide of social Edmonton.

As one entered the Arts Building, he received the impression of Christmas in the air, from the many trees symbolic of that event, which decorated the halls.

The rotunda had all the luxurious appearance of a Sultan's harem; easy chairs, soft rugs, embellishments of all kinds, handsome men and beautiful women.

A program of music and amateur theatricals was the first occurrence of the evening. Mis Bell, Mr. Bell and Mr. Cromarty gave an amusing rendition of Arnold Bennett's "Good Woman." The University orchestra was on hand. Mr. Pelluet being ill, Mr. Eaton sang, and was enthusiastically encored. And finally the Dramatic Society presented the farce "Evening Clothes."

At the end of the program the various laboratories were thrown open for inspection. While the hall was being prepared for dancing those intending to dance busied themselves in filling their programs. This task was rendered rather difficult by the sudden dowsing of the glims, which came as an unpleasant surprise to some, to others a pleasant one. These latter received their little shock when the lights came on suddenly, some time later.

Dancing commenced rather late. The floor of the Convocation Hall is decidedly inferior to that of Athabasca, but was suitable on this occasion, as the one-step does not require the same qualities in a floor as do some of the more ancient dances—and the one-step was about all that was danced. The military band played vigorous music of a somewhat different style to what is usual at a dance. At a late hour the band seemed to lose interest for some reason or other, and astonished the dancers by playing God Save the King, after the 10th dance. After a few impromptu dances the evening came to a successful close. (For further information, see Journal and Bulletin.)

THE CALL OF THE BLOOD

By T. F. Foley.

(Awarded First Prize in Short Story Competition)

Rough and rugged were the shores of Lake Manawan, and wild and stormy was the angry rush of the waters against them. The long, heavy swell lost itself amongst the thousand tiny caverns that honeycombed the rocks, and the deep funereal wail of its destruction seemed to galvanize a multitude of tiny wavelets into a backward rush for the more secure waters of the lake. Through a break in the shore line the snowy-white billows kept on their headlong course, to fall broken and spent at the foot of the old beaver dam, where sat Metis the native.

In refinement, education and appearance Metis was much superior to the other girls of Manawan. She had been at the Mission school for five years, and spoke English, French and Cree with equal felicity. Hers was the beauty of the half wild, half civilized. With the constant quarrel between Cree and Stony she had little sympathy, and her reprimands of the chief Huhu, who was one of her admirers, often drove that poor individual crestfallen and bitter to the shelter of his tepee. She enjoyed little popularity in that primitive community. The girls were envious of her good looks, and the men sensible of her deserved reproaches. Her parents being dead, her sole abode since returning from the Mission was the wigwam of Nina, an aged squaw who had never borne children, and who was therefore shunned by the tribe.

This wild May morning Metis presented a striking picture. From her father, a wandering Montreal doctor, she had inherited a fairness of feature and lightness of hair which are rarely characteristics of the native. Indeed, except for a noticeable broadness of nose, a rich hazel brown of neck, and a slight darkness underneath the eyes, she might easily have been mistaken for an Italian beauty. A wreath of lilies, wild roses and bluebells encircled her head, while a girdle of the same flowers was fastened around her waist, the loose ends thrown back over her shoulders to form a sort of double sash. Now and again the sun shone on the mass of breaking waters, which threw down their jewels in homage.

"And what does my Metis dream of?"

Noiselessly the old squaw had come up and taken her place beside the girl.

"She dreams of the white horses that gallop on the shores of Lake Manawan. She dreams of the power behind the wind that tosses their restless manes. She dreams of the sharp knives that shear off the long white curls of the waters, and drives them back in fear to tell the fishes tales of the outside world."

"And why is Metis dressed like a queen? Is it that she has at last made up her mind to marry Huhu the chief?"

"Namoya!" answered the other in a voice of scorn, and having recourse to Cree to express her strongest negation.

The face of the old squaw became troubled. She bent forward and gazed earnestly at the young girl. After a few moments of earnest thought she spoke.

"Does not Metis know that the spirit of the Lake watches over the fate of the Cree nation? Has she not heard of the terrible curse that falls on the maidens of our race who await their paleface lovers on its shores?"

"To the Cree nation I belong not, Nina. My father was of those that rule over the great cities, where canoes with white wings bring treasures and corn from afar."

(Continued on page 10)

ROBERTSON COLLEGE

Your pity, gentle reader; we are in serious trouble this week, indeed in very hot water. The matter stands something like this: A charge of attempting to throw cold water on the work of a promising young war poet has been laid against us, and paradoxical as it may appear, a good deal of heat has been engendered thereby. We protest that our intentions were the best, but instead of giving Punch's famous "don't" advice before the perpetration, we tendered it afterwards, and for this stupid blunder we have had to suffer.

In the Salvation Army they sing a little ditty to the effect that there's nothing but trouble in serving the Devil, but sometimes Conscience can get a man into just as much trouble as the Devil, and certainly the conscientious twist which we gave the poetic lion's tail hurt us more, both before and after the operation, than we bargained for. But cheer up; some good has resulted. There is even an advantage to be had from making enemies.

In the first place, as a result of this skirmish on Parnassus, we, ourselves, have been mercifully disillusionized as regards any possible literary merits this column might possess. The intimations of immortality, which we fondly imagined were exhibited here, from week to week, are now, we know, nothing but the merest phantasmagoria; and as far as any critical acumen is concerned we are convinced that we no more know the difference between verse and poetry than between mushrooms and toadstools.

But the blessing of criticism is not altogether one-sided. It blesses him who gives and him who takes. Most of us require the needful spice of contradiction, the denial from the man who does not see as we do, in order to become active or enthusiastic over our opinions or talents. The man who never has had a critic is in a bad way. Take the classic example of Aristides. Had Aristides' reputation for disinterestedness been a subject of dispute among the Athenians, no doubt, he would have had a host of friends ready to defend and fight for him. As it was, however, he was so constantly lauded to the skies that everybody became satisfied with his praises, and eventually so bored that they, at last, requested him to take himself and his virtues to some place where people had not heard so much about them. This never could have happened had Aristides had a critic.

Professor: "Give me a comprehensive definition of steam?"

Student: "It is water crazy with the heat."—Ex.

ALBERTA COLLEGE

On Saturday, Dec. 4, Dr. Riddell gave a banquet in honor of the boys who had enlisted in the 5th Universities Contingent. After the banquet the students repaired to the Assembly Hall, where songs and speeches were given. Mrs. Riddell, on behalf of the student body, presented each recruit with a small testament, and Miss Burkholder, on behalf of the ladies of the faculty, presented a "hussif" complete with outfits necessary for mending clothes, etc. These "hussifs" were the work of the ladies of the College.

On Sunday morning the prayer service was conducted by Professor Bland. The sacramental service immediately following will linger long in the memories of those present.

On Wednesday everybody turned out to give the boys a royal send-off. It was rather unusual to see the breakfast tables crowded at such an early hour. Morpheus was quite hurt, we hear, over his diminishing power. Of course, we missed the special car, but fortunately all the students managed to get to the depot before the departure of the east-bound train. Songs and yells were the order of the day, but underneath the levity one could detect a note of sadness. Bless you, we wouldn't show our real feelings for worlds, but when the final wrench came we noticed friends of years' standing giving each other the curtest of farewells and turning quickly away. Who shall condemn if eyes were suspiciously moist, or the voice got suddenly husky; it was no doubt due to the raw morning air. There is a big gap in college life now, and we wonder how the student activities will be affected. Let us hope that all the boys will come back. In any case, we know they will do their duty and uphold the honor of Alberta College.

Prof. (in Geometry) — We have dealt with *Loc*i.

W--t-o-d.—Please, how many *Locuses* can there be?

S-u-r.—(Dressed up in Sunday best)—Yes! I know I don't look much, ordinarily.

Miss S-l-d.—O! Mr. S. You should hear what the young ladies say about you.

G-ds-n.—Say fellows! I often wonder what the ladies say about me.

Will the ladies, please respond.

(Ed.)

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'JOE'

by H. R. Leaver

(Awarded second prize in short story competition)

Joe Gamard was a familiar figure in Edmonton, and was known within a radius of twenty-five miles round the city. He was a Frenchman, tall enough comfortably to look over a bar-counter, and had a slight stoop at the shoulders. His walk was a kind of snow-shoe shuffle, and he usually carried a knotted cane to assist his locomotion. He had black hair which hung down over his ears and curled slightly upon the greasy collar of his coat. His shaggy moustache had a few grey hairs to indicate the effect of his seventy winters, and his black eyes twinkled with good humour, if by some misfortune, Joe was seen when not the worse for drink. He was lost without his short clay pipe, the bowl of which protruded from his thin lips far enough, so that he could light the few scraps of tobacco in it, without singing his moustache, and the stem of which was bound up with a piece of his red cotton neckerchief. When dressed in his usual dirty overalls, mended at both knees with a slightly cleaner piece of material, with a red handkerchief tied loosely round his neck, and a black, shapeless hat torn at the brim in several places, Joe was the character well known in every bar-room in Edmonton, and unhappily at the Police-court. No one knew his previous history, and no one cared to enquire. It was sufficient for the populace, or rather such of them as came in touch with him in a business way, to know that he owned a homestead with a mortgage on it, was a shiftless farmer, paid his hired help, but tried to beat the machine companies.

It was about a dispute between Gamard and the keeper of the Grange Hotel that brought me into closer connections with this French homesteader. He had called late in the forenoon to get advice from the firm of Small and Foreste, concerning some personal belongings which the hotel proprietor would not deliver up to him. His anxiety to get possession of these became almost a frenzy, as he begged with importunate fervour for Mr. Small to come with him and demand the property. He mentioned a certain valise over and over again, as though it contained something valuable. The lawyer was in no way inclined to get mixed up in a petty squabble at a third rate hotel. "No, Joe," he said, "it's no use my coming. Here's the man you want" (pointing to me). "He's a big, burly fellow, and more suited to your purpose. As an articulated student in the firm, I was accordingly sent with Gamard to reclaim the valise. When I had heard the details of the affair, we set out. It seems that some weeks previous, Joe had stayed at the Grange over night, and had given by way of payment a signed cheque on the Royal Bank of Edmonton, whereas his money was deposited in the Royal Bank of Wetaskiwin, the mistake arising, no doubt, from the muddled condition in which Joe found himself when leaving the scene of his carousing. For security the proprietor had kept Gamard's belongings, consisting of an old valise, a pair of overalls and a pair of prospector's boots, and when Gamard came to pay his account in cash, the hotel keeper denied all knowledge of the personal belongings. On arriving at the hotel, I stayed in the background while the Frenchman renewed his request for the articles he had left behind. He was peremptorily waived aside, at which Joe became greatly excited, gesticulating with the fury of a madman, and showing a few blackened stumps of teeth in his efforts to express his indignation at the injustice of the proprietor. The scene attracted the attention of all the hotel loungers, who, through curiosity and amusement, approached nearer the centre of the dispute. The hotel-keeper, who presented as great a contrast to Joe as could be imagined, tall and well-groomed with every mark of fashion upon his apparel, began to lose his temper, and threatened to bring in the police. Thinking it was time for me to assert myself, I approached the counter and enquired for the belongings that Gamard had left, mentioning the firm of lawyers I represented. The proprietor immediately adopted a suave attitude, and after a little hesitation, sent the porter down to the basement for the articles Joe had mentioned. The overalls and boots were produced. This did not satisfy the Frenchman in the least. He sawed the air more feverishly than before, ejaculating threats of vengeance upon the hotel-keeper, and all connected with him. "Mine valise! mine valise! he bring no valise!" I immediately cautioned the man, that if he did not produce all that belonged to Gamard, I would bring in the police, for I could see by this time that it was a case of wilful detention. After a whispered order from the proprietor, the porter again went below and soon reappeared carrying a dirty black valise, tied round with several strands of binder twine. Gamard pounced upon it and getting down on his knees, began unfastening the strings that encircled the almost worn-out grip. He appeared as one distracted, as though the whole hope of his life, if hope he had any, depended upon the satisfaction to be got from an examination of the contents of that valise. I have seen the prospector hungrily clutch at a piece of glittering quartz as it falls from the rock before the blows of his pick, feasting his eyes upon the speck of gold he has found; I have seen the Canadian mother welcoming her wounded hero from the trenches. Their enthusiasm and fervour were combined in Gamard. He possessed the ambition of the one and the tenderness of the other. Their combination changed him. He was no longer the bar-room loafer, but one in whom some past affection, dormant for years, had awakened again, in whom some relic of bygone ambitions had been unearthed from the strata of years of dissipation and degradation. The bag was quickly opened, and in feverish haste his small shrivelled hands threw aside a whiskey flask, a razor and some loose papers, and then grasped what seemed to be a roll of paper tied with a string. His attitude changed to that of the successful discoverer. He stood up holding the reclaimed treasure with both hands, and looking upon the astonished proprietor with the utmost contempt. Pride thrust itself out from every lineament of his body. Years rolled back; he was again the young aspirant to great things with the blossom of his scholarship full blown upon him. Drawing my attention with an imperious wave of the hand, he untied the string, and unrolled to my notice a much-thumbed parchment, on which I read that Joseph Gamard had received the "Licence en Droit" from the University of Paris in 1867.

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THE BOYS OF THE GREEN AND THE GOLD

They have joined in the battle of nations,
The Boys of the Green and the Gold;
They have fought—and are still in the trenches,
As steady and strong as of old.

With their nerve strung taut with excitement,
With faces set stern for the blow,
They have fought to the death for their colors,
And have gone where the brave only can go.

The colors are stained in their life-blood,
The colors of the Green and Gold;
But written in the Legends of Honor
The heroes' names are enrolled.

Then hold we the colors more highly,
Bought by their blood and set free;
Free by the lives of the bravest
Laid down for our liberty.

They gained honor worthy of mention,
Their motto still they uphold;
And the names of the great in our history
Shall be twined with the Green and the Gold.

E. G. M.

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EDITORIALS

This Christmas

The war has made people think. Even upon subjects which are not connected immediately with it they have come to look with more seriousness. This general feeling has made its influence felt in the university as much as anywhere. So many men have left us that those who remain behind are impressed with a deeper sense of responsibility than ever before.

We have come to the second Christmas of the war. Full of anxiety as it is for those on the battlefield, what is its special significance for us? Surely it is, that in this celebration of the birth of Christ we must remember that every one of us has a duty to perform. We are not as the students of old,—mere bookworms who spent their whole time in study. Nor, on the other hand, do we look upon our college course merely as a pleasant holiday in an otherwise unpleasant world. We must therefore try to realize that we have before us the task of keeping uppermost the ideals of Christianity in national as well as in individual life. The nation looks to the graduate to build up the national life along what we consider to be the highest lines.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Owing to the Christmas vacation the next number of the Gateway will not be published until the 11th of January.

The result of the Gateway's Short Story Competition is announced in this issue, and we take pleasure in publishing the stories, which have been awarded first and second prize. The merit of the different stories and the general success of the competition was gratifying, and it is to be hoped that the plan can be continued in other years.

In making it a short story competition the Gateway felt that it was giving everyone a chance, and it is to be regretted that more students did not try for the prize than the several who submitted stories. But there seems to be a tendency on the part of students to take such things for granted, and it is a regrettable fact that more than once men have had to be invited to compete for prizes of much greater value than this one. We hate to say it, but perhaps there is more truth in that note of last week's Gateway than any of us like to admit.

We would like to thank all those who, outside of the Gateway staff, have helped in the preparation of this issue.

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THE CAPTURE OF "PEMBINA HILL"

(From the Diary of an imaginary War Correspondent)

How the Canadian soldiers in France won a point of strategic value along the western front has as yet remained untold — like many similar stories of deeds where Canadian bravery and initiative have played a large part. Only a short time ago by the clever ruse of burning oily straw, the enemy fearing a dose of gas, took Dutch leave of their trenches and left the way clear for a general advance along the line. But it remained for the "Pats" to spring a new surprise on the enemy at a point where the German line jutted into the allied front.

For some weeks the Canadians had been holding that part of the line, always on the alert for an opportunity to gain ground and eagerly waiting for the "great press" to begin. Though the news bulletins reported all quiet along the allied front in Northern Flanders, yet at times spirited firing took place along the trenches, which were at some places only ten yards apart. The artillery had frequently shelled the hill where the Germans were strongly entrenched at a commanding bend in the line, but the sandy slope proved a fairly safe abode for its hidden occupants.

The trenches on the right flank of the Canadians were occupied by British troops, and further advance on their part would have placed them in the line of direct fire from the enemy on the hill. Thus the "Pats," who held the line opposite it, were the more determined to gain the position. All previous trials had failed, though many brave men gave of their life-blood in the attempt.

At such a critical time there arrived on the scene reinforcements from University Company No. —. The situation was made plain to them: that the sand prevented effective bombardment by the artillery and that around the slope the trenches were too far from the German trenches for successful use of bombs. So anxious were they to strike a blow for freedom that they scarcely could be restrained from making another attempt at once. And though the hill had an official number, they promptly named it "Pembina Hill," and declared it would soon be theirs.

Among the incidents of the day, a shell from a trench mortar dropped among the Canadians. Without hesitation it was picked up and hurled over the parapet before it exploded its death-dealing contents. The deed suggested to Corp. — an idea which he at once put to use. A

supply of lacrosse sticks was secured from the Y. M. C. A. rest-camp. Lacrosse sticks had once before played a part in Canadian warfare—in the hands of Pontiac and his Indians—but they were to be used differently this time.

At dawn of the next day some forty men in the Canadian trench along the "Pembina" Hill, upon a pre-arranged signal, hurled many large bombs with their lacrosse sticks over the parapet and into the German trench twenty-five yards distant. Previous practise of the old Canadian national game upon college fields at home was evident. In the Canadian trench men awaited anxiously with bayonets fixed. The German rifle fire died away. The order rang out: "Charge." Over the parapet,—headlong up the slope,—they dashed, mid ringing cheers. Nor was it strange, that amid the shouts and cheers, there plainly rang out.—"Vive la Varsity." And when the conquering Canadian contingent occupied the trench of the Huns, there echoed again, "Oh, vive la, vive la Varsity."

The winning of "Pembina Hill" stands in the front rank of the many daring and successful advances made along the Canadian front. And it is but another incident of what can be accomplished by brave-spirited men of exceptional ability though pitted against skilled soldiers armed with machine guns. Yet such brave deeds are reported to the patriotic, news-hungry British public in a laconic despatch like this:

"Despatch from —, via Havre, —."

"Hill No. 387 captured today. It permits the allied line to be straightened near —. The British losses were slight."

A. Mc.

Cram, cram, cram
On thy old grey books, O son;
And I would that my tongue
could utter
The relief we'll feel when done.

O well for the football man
As he lustily shouts in the fray;
O well for the tennis lad,
As he sings to his love in the play.

The stately profs. go on
To their haven off the hall;
But oh, for the joy of a stolen
look
At the questions on which we fall.

Cram, cram, cram
At the foot of thy bed, O son,
For a passing mark on all our
work
Will never be easily won.

—Dicaturian.



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STUDY

Study is a three-fold nature, involving, for college students at least, a professor, a student and a subject. The student is generally a buffer between the other two. For the better pursuance of study the student must get into the privacy of his own room, and there, with a vision of the professor in the background of his consciousness, and a vivid image of the subject in the form of a book upon his table, he must apply as much of the subject as will prove a palliative to the professor. This is the method followed by most students, but there are variations of course, and it is with these that we wish to deal.

I once heard of a Hindu student at Rurki College, India, whose custom it was to sit under a tree with a running noose around his neck, the other end of the rope being tied to the tree. If the mosquitoes were not on the hunt, and drowsiness overcame him, the running noose would bring him back to his book. This method might be practised in Alberta with profit, especially by such medical students as fall asleep in the afternoon. The method, however, is slightly better than that adopted by one student, who has two skulls, cheek by jowl, immediately before him when studying. A gruesome spectacle perhaps, but when combined with specimens of the vermiform appendix, tonsils, spinal cord and the like, they are effective as an antidote to slumber. Another student who resides immediately above me, and is very anxious to get through French A, keeps Morpheus off by beating a devil's tattoo with his foot, repeating in a voice soft as Miranda's: "J'aime, tu aimes, elle aime." For diversion I look out of my window, and seeing the moon shining, wonder if a modern Endymion has arisen.

But one must not smile at such methods of study. The innumerable distractions that came upon the student unawares call for a strategic policy. Fancy yourself burrowing through Kant's Transcendentalism, and then come to earth with a dose of strains from Doze's bugle, the burden of which is that you are invited to the cook-house; or when pondering over Latin roots, you are seized with a potent desire to construe 'amo', because some winsome girl, "dulce loquentem, dulce ridentem" is passing along the sidewalk. As with Fra Lippo Lippi, one's first impulse is to confine Hoti's business to the nether regions. But these are not the only kind of distractions. Sometimes they spring at you from the very text you are studying. The other night I was read-

ing a delightfully thrilling story from Manly's English Prose, and not knowing the story was unfinished, I unconsciously read on into an essay of Bacon's, and one may imagine the mental catastrophe from these two sentences:—

"She took her lute in her hand and sang this ode".....

"What is Truth?" said jesting Pilate".....

If any psychologist will explain why Manly one minute was caressed so fondly, and the next was sent forcibly against the opposite wall of the room, he will assist some future student to avoid abnormal proceedings when studying.

One of our students has devised a way of preventing distractions, and I quite endorse his views and believe him to be a conscious benefactor in the University. He says "Get things down to a system." When visiting his room one evening to learn what his system was, I found him occupied with some arrangement like a miniature bicycle wheel fastened above his cupboard door, to which was attached a punching bag. Fearing to disturb the system, I quietly took notice of its chief features. On the bed I found an open violin case, a pair of tennis shoes, a razor strop, a laundry bag and numerous sheets of music lying around. The music-stand was in the corner, and the violin hanging on it. The last piece of music he had practised evidently was: "Love me and the world is mine." On the table stood a typewriter and numerous books and papers, and the table drawer which could not be closed, seemed to require the same remedy as Hercules practised on the Augean stables. When I asked him what his system was, he smiled blandly, and said: "My dear fellow, I haven't found it yet."

Still there is hope for the student who perseveres. An ideal method of study may yet be found. One may with great effectiveness recite an Horatian ode to cultivate concentration, but this should be done in the same soft voice that Mr. F. used when reciting the Latin grace some time ago, or another student may hear you. Sometimes a variation of the time will assist. The other morning I arose at 6.00 a.m. in order to get the advantage of the morning quiet for a little reading, but saw Orion sloping to the West with his belt in a horizontal position, and Sirius "with his sapphire sparkle" bringing up the rear, and the novelty of the view so entranced me, that I watched it till the awful Rose of Dawn from the east cast its ruddy glare upon the be-rimed trees, and the giant hunter vanished at the approach of Apollo. —H. R. L.

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ATHLETICS

Varsity athletics have suffered another heavy loss by two of its best athletes, F. A. Perraton and E. J. Van Patten, accepting commissions in the 138th Battalion, now being recruited in Edmonton.

No two students in the University would have been more greatly missed than Perraton and Van Patten. During their whole undergraduate career they have worked diligently to place the University teams to the front in provincial athletics. "Fred" has been a star man on the soccer, rugby and basketball teams ever since he has been in the University, besides being president of the rugby club, and holding other offices in connection with sports. "Van" is the provincial heavy-weight champion, and has been on the rugby line-up every fall since he has been with us. He is also president of the Boxing and Wrestling Club, and interested in athletics in general.

Besides taking such a prominent part in athletics, these two students have been lieutenants in the University Company this year, and we must sincerely congratulate the head officials of the 138th in securing so popular and efficient men as these two have proved themselves to be.

BASKETBALL

Considerable interest is being taken in the games being played by the teams in the Varsity Basketball League. Already several games have been played, the non-residents being in the lead with three straight wins to their credit. The first game, between Freshmen and Sophomores, was won by the Sophs; score, 17-9.

The second game was between the Senior-Junior team and the non-residents. It resulted in a narrow win for the latter; score, 12-9.

The game between the Sophomores and non-residents resulted in favor of the latter; score, 16-13.

The Senior-Junior team lost their second game also by a close margin. This time the "Freshies" did the trick; score, 9-6.

The last game between the Freshmen and non-residents was an easy win for the latter team, the score being 18-9.

League Standing

	Won.	Lost.
Non-Residents	3	0
Sophomores	1	1
Freshmen	1	2
Seniors and Juniors...	0	2

WOMAN

Woman, what art thou?
Divinest mystery of the age
Unfathomed yet by poet, thinker, sage,
Thou goest thy way
With all thy many virtues full ablaze
To lighten up for man the coming days,
To thee, in love, he doth his homage pay.

Love is thy sceptre,
The potent cup thy crown;
The raised dias that thou hast for throne,
A noble heart
The symbol of that love, it is the kiss
That seals in an infinitude of bliss
The future years.

Divinely form'd, predestined for man,
Brightest gem in the Creator's plan,
His precious Gift;
Who worships thee aright but worships Him;
Who brings thee down in sin most surely brings
Th' Avenger's Rod.

Oh, thrice blest trust of God
Reposed in man;
The Poet's prayer ascends on high for thee
That thou may'st tread
The fragrant path where virtue's lamps doth shine,
An' guileless bloom
A living symbol of the power of love
That saves a sinning race
From Adam's doom.

D. R. K.

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Her arms were soft and round	As Charles was going out one
He said,	even,
And that is why he lost	His father questioned "Whi-
His head;	ther?"
He really can't be blamed	And Charles, not wishing to
A speck,	deceive,
Her arms were soft, and round	With blushes answered "With-
His neck.—Ex.	her."—Ex.

NEWS OF THE "PATS"

A letter has come lately from G. R. Stevens, of which the following is part:

Speaking of the fight in October he says:

Our trenches are within 40 yards of the Germans within easy bombing distance altho immune from their artillery. Our sappers had mined their trench and day and night were piling tons of explosives under their lines and if one put his ear to the rock at night he would hear Fritz's pneumatic drills directly underneath him. So that it was a race between rivul mining operations. Not a pleasant place to sojourn perhaps but our appetites and conscience were good and we had to stay for 5 days anyway, so we dit not worry. Just as dawn was breaking the Germans commenced a heavy bombardment of our trench with trench mortars. In a few minutes our splendidly built trench was blown almost completely out of the ground for about fifty yards. On the extreme left of this damaged area was a well protected lookout and here Corporal Alex. McQueen and five men, Moyle among them, were stationed. A bomb dropped fairly in the lookout putting the whole party out of action. McQueen and two others escaped with shocks and temporary deafness, but Mayle was severely injured by iron splinters and the shock. He was hit on the head and his hearing was quite gone. At the dressing station it was feared that he had lost an eye and a nasty puncture in his back was discovered. He is now in England and progressing favorably.

Corp. McQueen was quite in the limelight at this stage of the fight. His Scotch blood rules him and he is a perfect glutton for slaughter. A splendid shot he roams the trenches all day long with glasses periscope and rifle in search of possible victims while milder youths are eating, asleep or letter-writing. On this morning he was struck and pinned down by a heavy gabian when the bombs blew in the lookout. He waggled loose and had the wounded clear of the debris just in time to save them from another bomb. Then he calmly climbed on the parapet in full

view of the enemy in an endeavour to extricate the boy that was killed. The Huns' markmanship was awful and the officer pulled him down later, unhurt. A moment later a huge sixty pound bomb dropped fairly in the trench. McQueen picked it up and trotted it off into a vacant fire platform. Had it exploded it would have blown him to atoms, but luckily it did not.

THE MODEL LECTURE

List all ye men and gentle maids
Of scholarships the flower,
Who raunt these academic shades
And Learnings feast devour.

The object of this simple lay
Is carefully to paint
A pattern all may well display
Of worthy self restraint.

When in your daily studious
round

The lecture doth appear
Learn then to walk by duty's
bound

With sober, seemly cheer.

First mark th'appointed time to
meet:

Tempt not that sullen stare
Which holds you while you take
your seat

And rattle with your chair.

Anotebook is for taking notes:
No lecturer can blink
At him who all his time devotes
To sketch of pen and ink

Sleep well at night—but 'tis not
well

To slumber in your seat,
Nor will it all your cares dispel
To fiddle with your feet.

The lecturer wil think he gains
A subtle compliment
In any modest careful pains
To look intelligent.

Remarks he makes may rouse
your rage,

But if with feeling hot
A friend in converse you engage,
Be sure he likes it not.

Remember that your parents
kind,

Provide the lecture fee,
So strive then to improve your
mind

O model lecturee!

E. A. in Oxford Magazine

Janic:—"A kiss is the cream of
life."

Mabel:—"Please, pass the
cream."—Ex.

THE TERRORS OF ENGLISH

If an S and an I and an O and
a U

With an X at the end spell Su
And an E and a Y and an E
spell I

Pray, what is a speller to do?

Then if also an S and an I and
a G

And an H E D spell side
There's nothing much left for a
speller to do

But go commit siouxeyesighed.

—Ex.

Mr. W.—"We tossed up a cop-
per to see who should see her
home."

Mr. T.—"And who won?"

Mr. W.—"Won! I lost and had
to see her home."

Prof. N. (referring to three
hemededial forms)—Now gentle-
men, I have three of a kind here.

Mac.—No good, old man, full
house here.

WHO WANTS TO KNOW

1. Why Brown didn't wear that
tie to Sunday dinner? Ask Fred.
Riley.

2. Why those eight dances were
cut out on Thursday night? Ask
the bandmaster.

3. Why Kelly staggered that
same night? Ask him.

4. Why the Juniors didn't de-
bate? Ask anyone—except a
junior.

5. What happened to the
lights? We should worry.

6. How most of us felt on Fri-
day? Stiff as a Senior Test.

A prim rose by a rivers brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more ;
Thus dreamed old William
Wordsworth.

But Oh! the rose,
That in the florist's window grows,
Takes all the money in your
clothes,

If Maud is fond of flowers.—H.

SLEEPING ON THE MARCH

Stories of the sleep of soldiers
on the march are not uncommon
enough, but D. George W. Crile,
in a recent book states that of
the several hundred thousand
men who made the forced march
from Mons to the Marne, nine
days with but the slightest rest,
the great majority slept on foot.
The unvaried testimony of the
soldiers was that every one slept
at times.

"They passed through villages
asleep. When sleep deepened
and they began to reel, they were
awakened by their comrades.
They slept in water, on stones, in
brush, or in the middle of the
road as if they had suddenly fal-
len in death. With the oncoming
lines of the enemy, no man was
safe who dropped out of the
ranks, for no matter on what pre-
text he fell out, sleep conquered
him. That the artillerymen slept
on horseback was evidenced by
the fact that every man lost his
cap."

Dr. Gross, of the Aemrican
Ambulance, tells of the exhaus-
tion of the men at Meaux, where
he found a large school building
packed with 500 wounded men.
Some were dying, some dead, but
all were asleep. "Bleeding, yet
asleep; legs shattered, yet asleep;
abdomen and chest torn wide
open, yet asleep. They were
lying on the hard floor, without
hay or straw. Not a groan, not
a motion, not a complaint—only
asleep!" When removed to the
hospitals, some of these soldiers
slept for two or three days and
nights, continuously.

—McGill Daily.

REVENGE IS SWEET

He timidly climbed the brown-
stone steps,

He timidly rang the bell,
He felt that this visit might be
his last,

But why so he could not tell.

As he stood at the door, the
winter wind

Swirled in the streets about,
And above its roaring he heard
her say:

"John, tell him I am out."

As the door was opened with
stately mien

He said to the butler tall:
"Pray go to Miss Jones with my
compliments
And tell her I didn't call."

Philosophy Professor: "We will
now discuss the distinction be-
tween the rational and irrational
man." (Freshman inserts his
head into the room, looks around
and withdraws hastily.)

Professeeor (continuing after a
pause): "We have had an illus-
tration of the irrational man."

The McMaster University
Monthly.

Y. M. C. A. IN THE PREP. SCHOOLS

The High School Club has come to stay. The experience of men who have been connected with this work for years cannot be discounted. It has been a mighty factor in the boy-life in schools where it has been in operation. It has been the means of up-rooting deep-seated evils in many schools and has raised the moral tone to a much higher level. As one Principal has said: "The great majority of evils in any school are often outside the reach of any teacher in his ordinary routine of duty." Teachers alone possibly realize their tremendous handicap in coping with many of these evils, and unless the boy will help there is no remedy. It is up to the boys, especially those who believe in higher standards of Christian living. They must organize themselves and become armed to deal with these dangerous situations over which the teacher has little influence. What would it have meant to the school had Tom Brown shirked his duty that first night and neglected his prayer?

Here in Edmonton, Clubs were formed in both of the local High Schools last winter. The weekly "Beans" and the Bible study groups promoted a school spirit, and gave a tone to the whole work. The practical talks promoted by these clubs were interesting and instructive. Graduates from such clubs fit very easily into the work of the college Christian Association. Many of the best workers in the local "Y's" are young men who have had a course of training in some such club. The Calgary Association under the leadership of Mr. Jack Sharp, deserves special mention in this connection. The High School Clubs in Calgary carried off the Silver Trophy last year in the Bible Study competition, heading the lists for all of Canada. The boys from Calgary swear by "Jack," who has been a true friend to them all.

In the three Agricultural Schools of this province Christian Associations have been under way for two years, but never before this year have they been so closely linked up with the local work. Last week the Student Secretary visited the Vermilion School for the first time, and helped to get the work set up there for the coming year. He found the Principal and the teachers very sympathetic to the movement, and they called off lectures for the senior students in the morning and for the whole school in the afternoon in order to hold Y. M. C. A. meetings. At the afternoon meeting the election of officers took place. Mr. Norman Clarke, who is well known in University circles, and

who is now attending the Vermilion School, was elected president, and has a strong executive to back him up. Bible study, Rural Problems, Clean Speech, Clean Sport and Clean Living will be emphasized this year. It is possible that student deputations will visit each of the schools before next spring to help along the good work.

PUTTEES

The individual who invented the puttees is, unfortunately, dead. When the day of reckoning comes he will have an awful score to settle with the thousands who have tried, vainly tried, to put on a pair of puttees and at the same time keep serenity of mind.

Puttees are generally about six feet long, of a sickly brownish color, sordid by nature and with a slovenly, sloppy disposition. No one has ever succeeded in ever putting on a pair of puttees correctly for the simple reason it is impossible.

Strange to say the question is asked "What good are puttees?" The answer is obvious: They are no good. Numerous ways may be pointed out in which the puttees function but as to their being of any use . . .

When the bugle sounds in the morning and you see a thick blue smoke ascending from the camp it is not the bacon burning nor yet the exhaust from a motor car but merely the men putting on their puttees and discussing the merits (?) of puttees in general and their own in particular. No human being ever put on a pair of puttees without showing what a choice vocabulary he possessed, in fact, on such occasions as this many new and sweet-sounding words have been added to our vocabulary.

It is not on record that any Saint ever wore a pair of puttees. Sanctity and puttees are as far apart as Alpha is from Omega.

For those who want (like Mutt and Jeff) to hear the canon's roar and not wear puttees there is only one alternative, — join the Swiss Navy. —Kq.

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FLORISTS

THE CALL OF THE BLOOD

(Continued from page 1)

"Even so, my Metis. But your mother was sister to Le Taureau Noir, who scattered the Stonys as does the east wind the prairie fire."

"Nina!" exclaimed the young girl in a voice vibrant with feeling, "the blood of my father's race calls me. To it I am beholden for all the gifts I possess above all the other maidens of Manawan. Sooner than marry Huhu, I prefer to pass my life childless. No papoose of an Indian brave shall ever nestle close to my bosom! No redskin shall ever call me his squaw!"

"Child!" shouted the terrified Nina, "speak not thus. The spirit of the Lake will surely avenge this insult to his people. The Manitou is the mighty tree and you are but a weak willow."

"And is there no remedy if I become not a squaw?"

"Naught avails but the fire and thunder of the palefaces, to whom the Manitou never appears."

"He is a coward then!"

The daring words were hardly uttered when there was heard a splash in the water. The receding foam changed to dirty sickening ooze. A long, fiendish head, with fiery eyes and skin of wrinkled slimy green raised itself out of the water. Long, jelly-like tentacles were stretched out towards the fair Metis, who arose and walked tremblingly to her destruction. With a cry of agony the frenzied squaw, who loved Metis as a daughter, rushed forward to draw her back, when a giant tentacle fastened on herself and drew her to the mouth of the monster. There was a stifled scream as the bony, misshapen jaws crushed their shuddering victim. Then followed a rifle shot and a roar of pain and terror, half fiendish, half human, while with smoking carbine Donald Cameron threw himself from his birch canoe and brought his Metis to land.

Far away the waves were covered with blood. Nina was lost, but the fire and thunder of the paleface lover had conquered the Manitou of the Lake.

"Let us to the Mission, Metis," exclaimed Donald. "I can best protect you when you are my wife."

"Be it so, my Donald. I want to leave here now that I have no friend left."

"Mine always," was the answer. "The Wild Rose of Manawan is surely fit mate for the grandson of a Highland chief."

Prof. in Physics: "If a body is immersed in water what will it lose?"

Student: "Its life if it cannot swim."

THE SEMAPHORE

IF RALPH Forster
EVER ASKS you to share
THE EXPENSE of hiring
A JITNEY
DON'T DO it.
HE PERSUADED me
AND A couple of other fellows
TO DO so for the
RED CROSS Dance
LAST THURSDAY.
AND WE left the hiring
TO HIM.
THE ONE that appeared
WAS MADE of tin.
AND HAD works.
THAT SOME one stole.
OUT OF a Big Ben.
OR A Ford.
OR SOMETHING.
BUT ALL went well.
FOR A couple of blocks.
THEN WE stopped.
AND THE driver got out.
AND AFTER investigating.
INFORMED US.
THAT THE differential
HAD GOT mixed up.
WITH THE steering gear.
OR SOMETHING equally bad.
SO WE huddled.
IN THE back seat.
AND TRIED to keep warm.
WHILE THE repairs were.
BEING EXECUTED.
WE FINALLY started again.
WHEN WE were nearly frozen.
AND SUCCEEDED in getting.
HALF WAY up 9th str. hill.
BEFORE A tire blew out.
AND HELD us up.
WHILE THE chauffeur.
SENT A hurry call.
TO THE garage for help.
(OF COURSE he didn't carry.
AN EXTRA tire with him).
WHEN THIS arrived and
WAS ADJUSTED satisfactorily.
WE MOVED onward.
ONCE MORE and.
ALL BUT me.
WERE SAFELY deposited.
AT THEIR homes.
BEFORE THE engine fell out.
WHICH LEFT me to walk.
THREE MILES back.
TO THE University.
AND I froze an ear.
WHILE DOING so.
I THANK you.

WANTED.—A "mamma" for Table No. 2. Only those qualified by good-looks, dimples, a lisp, and under the age of 21 need apply. Applicants must apply in person to the head of the table.

Senior: "How did you enjoy the dance?"

Freshman: "Great; the prettiest girl there gave me her first dance."

Senior: "Yes, she told me she wanted to get the disagreeable things over with as soon as possible."—Ex.

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will condemn
After some years in science
received his E. M.
Then to chasten his soul this en-
gineer gay
Spent four years in Arts and was
dubbed a B.A.
Saved like his sou his clay man-
sion must be
He juggled with bones and be-
came an M.D.
"By such training," you say, "A
man would be damned.
Perhaps true: but our savant at
least was
E.M., B.A. M.D.
—University Monthly.

In the dining-room.

1st Student (trying to start a
conversation): "Are you fond
of antiques, Mr. —?"
2nd Student (suspiciously):
"Um—er—not at table."

"Don't read some other fel-
low's Gateway. Are you a
sponge? If not, pay for what
you get. It costs something to
give it to you."—Ex.

W-tf-d. (getting ready for
fooks picture).—Say Coates have
you got a sweater with a college
diagram on it.

C-s.—You mean diaphragm,
don't you?

ORDER NO. 12, UNIVERSITY
OF ALBERTA CONT.
C.O.T.C.

Edmonton, Dec. 11th, 1915.

Orders for the week ending
Dec. 18th, by Capt. H. J. Mac-
Leod, Officer Commanding U. of
A. Cont. C.O.T.C.

1.—Parades.

The Parade will fall in at 3.45
p.m. on Tuesday and Thursday.
These will be the last parades un-
til after Xmas holidays.

2.—Officers Class

The Officer's Class will meet
as usual.

No. 1 Platoon will carry on
with mutual instruction, Sect. 27-
63. Remainder will carry on
with mutual instruction in rifle-
drill; Sections 47-55.

3.—Promotions

Sgt. Major Fife to be acting
Lieutenant in Command of No.
2 Platoon; vice-Lieut. E. J. Van
Petten resigned.

Corp. L. V. Milller to be No. 1
Section Sgt. in No. 4 Platoon.
L. C. Jaffray to be Corporal in
No. 2 Platoon.

S. D. KILLAM,
Adjutant.

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We show Photoplays selected from the World's Best Film
Markets. Selected music by our Concert Orchestra and Pipe
Organ.

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and popular Photoplays.

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"TRIP TO THE NORTH POLE"
An Elaborate Musical Tabloid

HANLON & CLIFTON
"The Unexpected"

VALERIE SISTERS
"Fun and Frolics"

GREENLEE & DRAYTON
Singers and Dancers

PANTAGESCOPE
Motion Pictures

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"Locked Out"

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Evenings at 8.30

15 and 25c.
25, 50 and 75c.



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sharpener and guarantee our
work satisfactory. A full
line of indoor Gymnasium
supplies always in stock. Call
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Men's Soft Felt Hats

This particular brand is known as the "Wolthausen Hat" Sold always for 2 50 and 3 00 made of good quality felt, nicely finished; in a good assortment of the newest shapes. Shades include black, navy, steel grey and brown. A full range of szs, Priced the Ramsey way each

..... \$2.00

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Saturday Evening 6 o'clock

Special Values in Men's Caps

A good range of different shapes, nicely finished and comfortable fitting, also a showing of wool Aviation Caps in grey, brown, navy and green, lined with same shade of satin.

Specials \$1.00

Men's and Boys Checked Mackinaw Coats, \$6.00 to \$10.00

Men's Mackinaw Coats in both single and double-breasted style, in brown, blue and cardinal. checked with red. Prices.....\$8.00 to \$10.00

A splendid value in Boys' Checked Mackinaw; made up in Norfolk style in brown, grey and olive checks. An exceptionally good coat at \$6.00

Men's Fur and Fur Lined Coats at Special Prices

Plucked Beaver Coat, very dark, nicely matched skins, a handsome coat at \$200.00

Raccoon Coats, heavy furred natural skins, very special at \$75.00

Rat Lined Coat with good quality black beaver shel and rat collar, at \$35.00

Black Lamb Lined Coat, which is worth \$10.00 more than the price we are asking \$15.00

Soft Felt Hats, Wolthausen Brand

Ramsey's Price \$2.00

Usually sold at \$2.50 and \$3. Most every man knows the quality and finish of a Wolthausen Hat. These are new lines just taken into stock. Shades include black, navy, grey and brown. All new, smart and up to the minute shapes. Our Price \$2.00

Men's Underwear Prices Here Seem to Be Winners

If men keep on choosing as fast as they have lately we'll be sold out of our underwear stocks before the season is over. Let them choose. We won't raise the prices, no matter how fast the stocks go. Ramsey's can supply you with the following brands:

Wolsey's heavy weight shirts and drawers, flat knit, natural color. Priced according to size \$3.25 and \$3.50

Wolsey white cashmere shirts and drawers, all sizes, warm, non-irritating garments at \$3.00 Combinations in same, per suit \$6.00

Penman's heavy ribbed wool shirts and drawers, give good service and keep you warm; per garment \$1.00

Robin Hood shirts and drawers, flat knit wool, double breasted, buttoned on shoulder, natural color, British make, per garment \$1.50

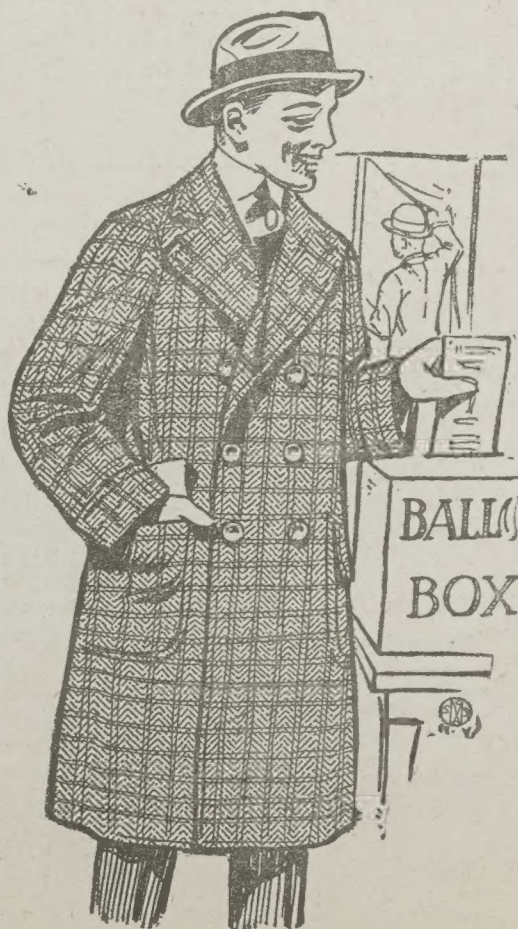
Better quality in same, per garment \$2.00

Robin Hood Combinations, closed crotch, per suit \$3.00

Boys' Combination Suits, Watson's make, closed crotch, fine elastic ribbed knit; sizes 24 and 26; per suit \$1.25
Sizes 28, 30 and 32, suit \$1.50

MEN'S PURE WOOL SWEATER COATS, VALUES to \$7.00 for \$4.50

The best qualities are included for this special Thursday sale. Some are in shaker, others in jumbo knit, plain colors are khaki, grey, navy, maroon and Havana brown. Remarkable values, at \$4.50



We Were Fortunate in Securing Another Lot of Men's Checked Mackinaws to Sell at \$10

This is a very fine quality pure wool mackinaw in a red and black check. It is particularly well tailored in double-breasted style with box pleats and separate belt, and finished with tape seams. Sizes 38 to 44. Special Price \$10.00

Other Accessories You May Need

Khaki Handkerchiefs, a great quantity of them with narrow and wide hemstitching. Some are 3 for 25c, others 2 for 25c
Fur Lined Gloves and Mitts make acceptable gifts. We have splendid values in real Arabian mocha with good fur lining, gloves or mitts, tan shades, per pair \$2.50

Muffler and Tie in a neat Christmas box. Muffler is in handkerchief style, Paisley effect; tie is large and generous in size. The box complete For \$2.50

Our 50c Neckwear For Men Has Already Pleased Hundreds

Tomorrow the selection will be just as great but many new tie patterns will be recognized in the lot. Every tie of pure silk beautifully colored in attractive designs Large wide end flowing style effects or narrow long ties in cross bar patterns. Every man in need of bright, new inexpensive neckwear should see these first, no need to go elsewhere, at 50c